

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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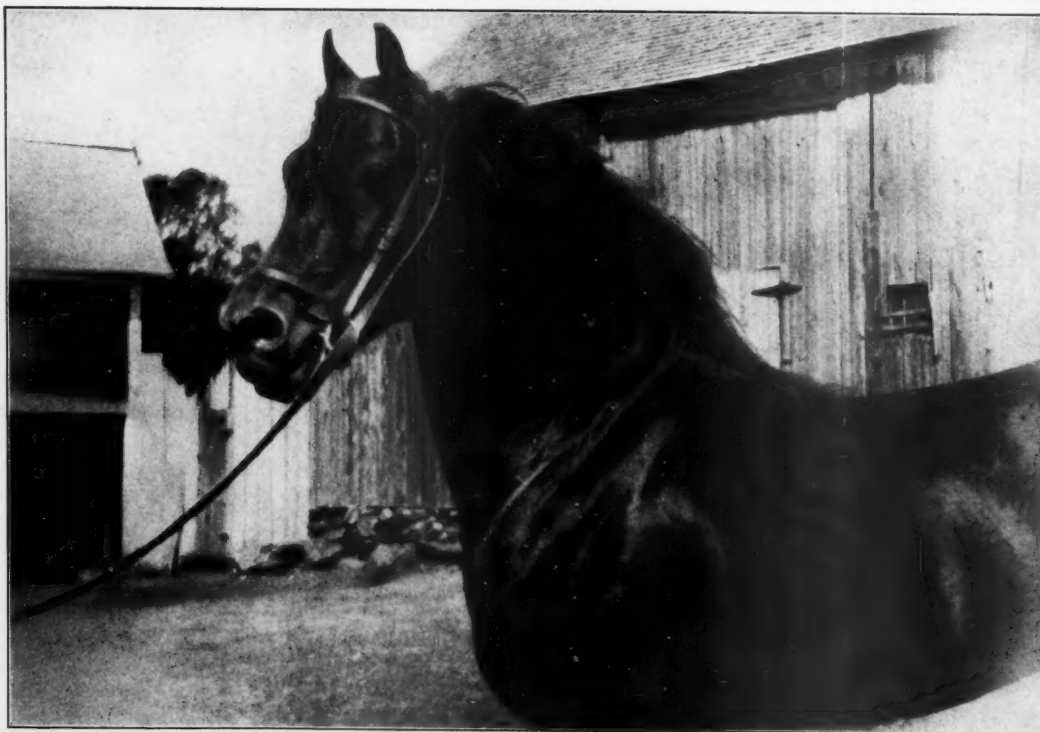
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FEBRUARY, 1914

Price

10

Cents



Pawtucket, R. I., U. S. A.
January 1, 1914.

THE H. F. JENKS CO., Inc., wishes all readers of *Our Dumb Animals* a very Prosperous and Happy New Year and expresses its appreciation of the business and many favors extended during the year just closed. "Anything worth having is worth fighting for." Our hat is in the ring to provide dumb animals with clean uninfected drinking water.

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I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 46

Boston, February, 1914

No. 9

A Hospital—A Memorial—A Home

By FRANCIS H. ROWLEY



TWO questions we want to answer. "Is an Animals' Hospital worth while?" "Do our two Societies need a Home?"

A Hospital

As to the first: The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals opened a hospital in New York last year. It

has scarcely been able to meet the demands made upon it. The New York Woman's League for Animals has just opened, or is about to open another—site and hospital costing about \$200,000. Their free dispensary demonstrated the urgent need for it, 6020 cases having been treated in the first year. The State of New York last autumn added to its veterinary college at Ithaca a hospital for large and small animals which cost, not equipped and exclusive of the land, \$140,000. To this they expect to make a further addition at an expense of \$200,000. The State does this not from humanitarian motives, but to protect the wealth invested in its animals, the loss from disease approximating \$29,000,000 annually. Even little Norway, with far fewer animals to conserve, has recently expended \$644,000 for this purpose. Other European countries have long been building such hospitals.

Humane societies are everywhere awaking to the need of saving animals from disease and so from suffering. London has had its Animals' Hospital now for many years. If it were only a matter of dollars and cents, irrespective of humanity, the investment would be bound to pay a large return to the people of the State when such an institution is built. Our own dispensary opened five months ago has treated already more than 2500 cases of sick and injured animals, our first year promising a record equal to that of the one in New York.

Massachusetts is far in the rear in this important field of service. It strikes many among us as a strange, unheard-of idea that animals should have a hospital worthy the name built in their behalf. Any place, no matter how insanitary and poorly equipped, has seemed good enough for them. Yet the Department of

Agriculture tells us that the annual loss in animals in the United States from disease and exposure would build a Panama Canal every twelve months. Economically they demand our care and thought. Fortunately for their comfort and well-being we are just coming to see this. We are sure our Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital is needed. We must have not a makeshift, but an enduring, modern hospital to do for animals what our human hospitals do for men and women.

A Memorial

No worthier memorial to Mr. Angell could have been planned. That his work has changed for the better beyond all compute the life of Boston, of Massachusetts, and even of the whole nation, no one who understands the influence of such a personality in a cause like this will doubt. It would be no insignificant thing for a city, a State, to perpetuate the name and memory of one of its greatest benefactors, even though the memorial were wholly unproductive. When this Memorial, however, becomes a means of widening the very work for which such a man gave his life, who shall say there has been any waste? No man of vision.

This idea of a "Memorial Building" was long in Mr. Angell's mind, though not in connection with his own name, since he wrote in 1895, "We are making efforts to obtain subscriptions to enable us to purchase or erect for our Humane Societies a 'Memorial Building,' which shall be used for our offices. We do not propose for it memorial windows, which are likely to be broken, but memorial tablets on its inner walls, on which shall be inscribed, to continue during the centuries, the names of those who shall testify their interest in our humane work by materially aiding in its purchase or erection."

In this very meaning of the word our building will be a Memorial not only to Mr. Angell but to those faithful friends of our Societies whose portraits, and whose names on enduring tablets, will perpetuate their memory through all coming years.

A Home

As to the second question: The growth of the activities of our two Societies since Mr. Angell's

death, on the foundation he laid, few except those in the offices can realize. More than three years ago we were crowded out of our old quarters for lack of room. The rental we are obliged to pay now for our present accommodations, for storage for our literature, which, to secure at lowest possible prices, must be printed in large quantities, and for the garaging of our ambulances, is the interest on considerably more money than that part of the hospital will cost which will be used for our offices and mailing department—sixty thousand copies of *Our Dumb Animals* are mailed from our offices each month. This leaves something over a hundred thousand dollars to be spent for the hospital itself which will be in part, at least, self-supporting. The entire cost of the whole structure will be in the neighborhood of \$225,000. Every element of luxury or extravagance will be eliminated. Solidity and efficiency alone are being sought. It is not a million dollar hospital as some have imagined. We wish some day it could be endowed with a million dollars, that nothing might ever interfere with its beneficent work, no matter what the times of financial depression we might have to face.

Here again is the accomplishment of one of Mr. Angell's dreams, for as far back as 1891 he said in *Our Dumb Animals*, "No Societies in the world are doing a greater or more important work for humane education and the protection of dumb animals from cruelty than our American Humane Education Society (the first of its kind in the world) and our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. No Societies in the world better deserve to own a building which shall give them a permanent home. Is there not in Massachusetts or elsewhere some friend of humane education and dumb animals who will sell us such a building, or who will present it to us on condition of receiving for life a moderate annual rental?"

It was out of these appeals of Mr. Angell that there came the bequest of Mr. Samuel E. Sawyer for this purpose, and the legacy left by the Hon. Samuel C. Cobb, one of Boston's distinguished mayors, which will ultimately come to us, and which, like that of Mr. Sawyer, can only be used for a building. These two will amount to something like \$75,000.

The Educational Value

Then the educational significance of this Memorial, standing as it will where thousands will see it every day, is scarcely to be measured. Its witness, as a dignified and fitting institution perpetuating a great name in humane work, to the cause for which he lived, is not the least of its values. We are as confident that it will come to be ranked among the things of which Boston is proud, and to which it will point with pleasure, as that it is needed both for the animals whose welfare it will serve and for the Societies Mr. Angell founded.

The building has been begun, because in the best wisdom of the directors the time had come for this new step forward. We are going on with it in faith—in the faith that the friends who have believed in our Societies, and have so nobly supported them in the past will continue to make possible their splendid service to the city, the State, the world.

SAGACITY OF A FAITHFUL HORSE

By JAMES W. STUBER

A faithful horse, showing almost human intelligence, walked to a store at Maplewood, Ohio, pushed the front door open with his nose, and whinnied until aid arrived, after the rig to which he had been hitched was struck by a train and demolished and his owner seriously injured.

Citizens who were in the store were attracted by the strange actions of the animal and, noticing the bruises which he had sustained, started an investigation. They found the owner, George Sherer, unconscious near the railroad track. The rig was carried for nearly a quarter of a mile on the pilot of the engine, but fortunately the horse was only slightly injured.

HOW DO THE BEASTS GROAN!

A biblical quotation displayed in a conspicuous place on the front of the building is a remarkable feature of a livery stable in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. At the time the building was erected the owner refused to allow any decoration other than a terra-cotta panel which he would furnish, says *Popular Mechanics*. When this was installed it was found to bear the inscription: "How Do The Beasts Groan!" a quotation from Joel I:18. In spite of repeated questioning, the owner has never offered any explanation as to his purpose in placing the inscription on the building.



SEGARIO, A FINE TYPE OF ARABIAN

THE LAST POST AT SAMADEN

[The following poem, written by our dear friend, Mr. JOHN L. STODDARD, now of Meran, Tyrol, was suggested by an event which he witnessed, one midnight at Samaden, a few months ago].

Good-bye, old Post! It is decreed
That thou must vanish from the scene;
Hereafter there will be no need
For thee within the Engadine;
Tomorrow the supplanting train
Will swiftly glide from height to height;
O Postman, sound one parting strain,—
A farewell to the summer night!
Blow, bugle! From on high
The mountain peaks reply:
Good-bye, old Post, good-bye!

What means that crowd within the square?
And this black flag on every horse?
Why plays the band a plaintive air
To celebrate thy final course?
Can there be some who still regret
The passing of a thing so slow?
Is there a little pity yet
For simple ways of long ago?
Sound, bugle! In reply
Tears fall from many an eye;
Good-bye, old Post, good-bye!

The last pathetic driver stands
Bewildered by the dreaded end,—
His worn whip still within his hands,
As if it were his only friend;
The horses mutely wonder why
They now are tenderly caressed,
And why the strangers, passing by,
All wish for them a well-earned rest.
Call, bugle! Far and nigh
The echoing cliffs reply:
Good-bye, old Post, good-bye!

The village magistrate appears,
As slowly strikes the midnight hour,
And rouses oft-repeated cheers
By prophecies of wealth and power;
Why should Samaden, magnified,
Lament her quaint, romantic past?
With time, alas! all tears are dried,
And what is old can never last!
Cease, bugle! For reply
How few now even sigh:
Good-bye, old Post, good-bye!

Take care at this particular season that the horse be not overloaded. Be sparing with the whip. Don't neglect the shoeing. Warm the bits before harnessing on cold mornings, and always have a warm blanket to cover the horse that is standing still. Feed well and give your horse an occasional full day's rest.

GOOD BUSINESS TO BE HUMANE

Being "humane" is good business, Secretary George A. H. Scott of the Illinois Humane Society told the owners of warehouses and moving vans at a meeting held at the Traffic Club in Chicago recently.

"Humane education has become so widespread," he said, "that owners of horses out for business have to invest in blankets for the animals and give them the best of care. The worst advertising that a company can get is through a careless and cruel teamster. People now take notice of the way in which a company provides for the comfort of its animals before leaving their order."

"A woman who wished to move received bids from three transfer companies. The company which had not gone to the expense of providing blankets and other comforts for its horses had the lowest bid, but the woman preferred to give her order to the higher priced company because of the humane way it had of caring for the animals."

"When a moving van stops before a row of residences the women are watching how the teamster treats the horses. If he is humane the women gain a good impression of the firm and will remember the name of the company when in need of moving vans."

The members of the Association were asked to cooperate with the humane society for the good of the animals and their business.

A WORKING DAY FOR THE HORSE

Pennsylvania having secured a twelve-hour working-day for the horse, Missouri has begun a campaign for a similar law. President E. R. Weeks of the Kansas City Humane Society is quoted as saying:

"Some team owners have been working two shifts of drivers with the same horses. Working hours for men and women are regulated by law. Now it is the horses' turn."

CAB HORSES ABUSED IN CAIRO

We are in receipt of press clippings from several Cairo, Egypt, papers, sent by a frequent contributor, who has observed how animals are treated in many countries. These articles relate to the excessive use of the whip by drivers of cabs (arabeahs) on the streets of Cairo, and protest against that common and flagrant cruelty. Public agitation of the subject tends to mitigate the abuse of the whip wherever the law is lax and the authorities are indifferent, but the refusal of a traveler to patronize a driver that is cruel to the horse upon which he depends for his living is the best way to express one's disapproval and to stop the cruel practice.

PLEA FOR THE HORSE

We are glad to print, at a friend's request, the following letter to a New York City daily, though we can discover no evidence that the practice of blinding horses exists. So far, that is a form of cruelty humane societies have not yet encountered:

I am but one of the many patient, toiling horses whose hearts have been crushed by this despairing thought:

We gladly plod through our daily task for the master man and gratefully accept a measure of oats as our wage; but we have neither hands with which to defend ourselves nor voices with which to plead.

May our good masters lease to us the precious sight, which is our only joy.

Many of us thus afflicted are employed by large trucking and coal concerns; our sight has been destroyed to break our spirits.

If laws were made by which the working of a blind horse would become a misdemeanor, the crime of blinding horses would cease. **BLIND BOB.**

New York City, Dec. 26, 1913.

NO REST FOR THE HORSE

There's a union for teamster and waiter,
 There's a union for cabman and cook,
 There's a union for hobo and preacher,
 And one for detective and crook.
 There's a union for blacksmith and painter,
 There is one for the printer, of course,
 But where would you go in this realm of woe,
 To discover a guild for the horse?
 He can't make a murmur in protest,
 Though they strain him both up and down hill;
 Or force him to work twenty hours
 At the whim of some drunken brute's will.
 Look back at our struggle for freedom—
 Trace our present day's strength to its source,
 And you'll find that man's pathway to glory
 Is strewn with the bones of the horse.
 The mule is a fool under fire;
 The horse, although frightened stands true,
 And he'd charge into hell without finching
 'Twixt the knees of the trooper he knew.
 When the troopers grow old, they are pensioned,
 Or a berth or a home is found;
 When a horse is worn out they condemn him
 And sell him for nothing a pound.
 Just think, the old pet of some trooper,
 Once curried and rubbed twice a day,
 Now drags some ragpicker's wagon,
 With curses and blows for his pay.
 I once knew a king of racers,
 The best of a cup-winning strain;
 They ruined his knees on a hurdle,
 For his rider's hat covered no brain.
 I met him again, four years later,
 On his side at the foot of a hill,
 With two savages kicking his ribs,
 And doing their work with a will.
 I stroked the once velvety muzzle,
 I murmured the old name again.
 He once filled my purse with gold dollars;
 And this day I bought him for ten.
 His present address is "Sweet Pastures,"
 He has nothing to do but to eat;
 Or loaf in the shade in the green, velvet grass,
 And dream of the horses he beat.
 Now, a dog—well, a dog has a limit;
 After standing all he thinks his due,
 He'll pack up his duds some dark evening,
 And shine out for scenes which are new.
 But a horse, once he's used to his leather,
 Is much like the old-fashioned wife:
 He may not be proud of his bargain,
 But still he'll be faithful through life.
 And I envy the merciful teamster
 Who can stand at the Bar and say:
 "Kind Lord, with the justice I dealt my horse,
 Judge Thou my soul today."

—Life.

THE HORSE'S FACE

A Roman nose in a horse, like the corresponding aquiline contour in a man, generally indicates strong individuality, often accompanied with great intelligence, says W. M. Phillips in *Twentieth Century Farmer*.

A straight facial line is quite as often found with a high degree of intelligence, but a dish-faced horse is rarely anything but a nonentity in character. We have seen a few exceptions to this rule, but they only prove it. A fine muzzle denotes a high, nervous organization, while a coarse and large muzzle, with small and non-expansive nostrils and pendulous lower lip, mean stupidity.

A sensitive and trumpet-shaped nostril means courage and intelligence, even when, as it does sometimes, it also means heaves.

The ear is more intelligible even than the eye, and a person accustomed to the horse can tell all that he thinks or means. When a horse lays his ears flat back on his neck, he most assuredly is meditating mischief, and the bystander should beware of his heels or teeth. In play the ears will be laid back, but not so decidedly nor so long. A quick change in their position, and more particularly the expression of the eye at the time, will distinguish between playfulness and vice.

Youthful Herders in Many Lands

By FELIX J. KOCH

BOTH in England and America, as in many other parts of the world, hundreds of boys and girls serve as herders, not only for sheep but for poultry of many sorts. Herding has always been, of course, the idlest, happiest task in the world! Given green pastures, sheep, in particular, will almost take care of themselves; where they won't, a good shepherd-dog, properly trained, is able to keep

away to the mountains, shepherds, while they tend their flocks, whittle flutes and play them, or manage to meet some other shepherd and gossip of sheep and *sheep* and *sheep*! So lonely, though, is this life, that some of these boys actually go insane over it—they fancy their sheep so many humans and talk to this one and that as they would to so many human friends.

In Herzegovina, the sterile mountains offer



THE DUTIES OF THE FLOCK-TENDER ARE NOT ARDUOUS

guard over them sufficiently to rouse the master and send him scurrying to such defense as is needed. So boys, and, in places, girls, are set to mind the sheep.

Over England, on the commons that so often flank the railway stations, one sees these young shepherds idling. It's a glorious thing to be able to throw one's self on the grass—beg pardon, it's the *sward*, there in England—and read copies of the *Family Friend* or the other magazines dear to boyhood—and be paid for it as well! Or, again, an industrious boy may study some craft, by correspondence-school method, and yet be earning enough to pay his tuition. The sheep come to know the voice of the shepherd and will obey him even as some child might do.

These English shepherd-boys, of course, have the advantage of knowing reading and writing. Not so the youths who mind the sheep away down in southern Bulgaria, Europe's last brigand-land. There, on the flat plains rolling

but little pasture and yet the goat, the great staple of life there, yielding milk, hide, garments, meat, clothing—must be fed! So the boys start in the springtime with the flock and drive it to a feeding-place in the mountains. There, while the animals browse, the lads fit homes for themselves in the caves. They milk the goats; make the cream into cheese, even prepare from it a rude butter. Once a week the mothers come out with other food than that made by the boys themselves and supplemented with a dainty roast kid every so often, and with clean linen for the children. Perhaps children and goats have gone by that time; but, if so, a message is left behind on the stones to tell where and how to get to the new pasture.

In Croatia the goose is no small item of food and its feathers form one of the chief products in the annual output of the farm. Each village, therefore, has its little goose-herd, and of mornings she starts out with her flock, driving them

from their several barns to the brook. Then, at evening she returns them to their respective owners. In parts of the United States boys are now hiring out as goose-herds, and they do manage to bring the geese in on time; lead them to proper waters and see to it that they are cared for, as the silly geese would hardly be if left all to themselves.

In fact, persons, qualified to know, state that not only is child labor cheaper than adult, to such purpose, but, somehow, it is far more satisfactory. Children love the animals as adults seldom do. They seem to understand them, to awaken in them a certain confidence that the grown man or woman cannot. Sheep, cattle, horses, all will obey a child where a man's voice is resented, and so it is safe to assume that the boy and girl-herders will long be continued in their hardly arduous duties of guardians and guides to our dumb animal friends.

BIRDS AND THE WIRELESS

Since our coast began to be studded with Marconi stations, says an English newspaper, it has been noticed that the birds do not seem very happy about it. In the neighborhood of a wireless station birds seem to be vaguely disturbed and uneasy, gulls being the chief sufferers.

And when the line of a pigeon race lies over or near a wireless station it has been noticed that an unusual number of birds fail to find their way home. The wireless waves in the air seem to interfere with the sense of direction.

The cause has not been definitely settled, but there is no doubt that birds and animals both are more sensitive to mysterious vibrations of the air than are human beings. Horses and monkeys in earthquake lands tremble with fear hours before an earthquake arrives.

It has been suggested that animals and birds have a sixth, or "electric" sense, and are in touch with the ether, that mysterious fluid which scientists declare to pervade everything in the universe both on earth and in air. It is by waves in the ether that wireless travels.

So when the wireless waves start interfering with the ordinary waves of the ether, such as those along which light travels, the birds lose their little heads and forget their way.

Tide the birds over the winter storms by feeding them and next summer they will more than pay you back.

SYMPATHY

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the spring-
ing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud
opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars.
And they pulse again with a keener sting—
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom
sore,—
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's
deep core,
But a plea, that upward to heaven he flings—
I know why the caged bird sings!

PLUMAGE TRADE HORRORS IN INDIA

A communication from Labhshankar Laxmidas of Junagad, India, respectfully begs to draw the attention of every Member of the English Parliament to an editorial in the *Times of India*, which, if true, is but another indication of the depths of barbarism to which men may sink for the sake of gold:

The Plumage Trade

A revolting case of cruelty to animals is reported from Karachi which will be a fresh argument in favor of those who are trying to put a stop to the plumage traffic. It seems that in Sind birds are bred by fishermen, and their feathers exported to England, and that whenever these birds are carried from one place to another they are huddled up in a cage, and in that case the fishermen sew up the eyes of the birds with thread, so that they may not fight among themselves and destroy each other. Two men have just been fined Rs. 30 each for practising this cruelty. The penalty is small, but will probably be felt severely by the brutes who indulge in this bestial form of torture. . . . It would require hundreds of prosecutions to eliminate half the objectionable features of this trade carried on to satisfy an imperious Fashion.

Familiar Friends in Feather

IV. THE BLUEBIRD

By EDGAR T. JONES



IT is in the Gulf States or the West Indies that the common bluebirds spend the greater part of the winter months. They arrive in these regions from the northern latitudes about the first of December and live there in flocks until about the first of February. As the mating usually occurs on their northward trip, they have separated into small groups of three or four by the first of March, the time they have reached the latitude of New York. Some, however, continue their northward migration until they reach the southern boundary of Canada.

The snow has not always melted north of the fortieth parallel before this plaintive warbler announces that spring is approaching. In fact he is one of the first of the migratory birds to be seen, often preceding the robin. Their spirited spring song is a plaintive note consisting of the three syllables, "troo-e-lee, troo-e-lee," and is easily imitated by any boy. They spend several days in flitting about the orchards and yards apparently searching for a suitable summer home. They may be seen investigating the woodpecker's nest of the year before, the holes in the fence posts or the fruit-trees or the small bird-houses that may have been built especially for them. Not unfrequently they will build the nest in the thick foliage of a hedge-row, rose thicket or a syringa bush. If a small bird-house is built on a post or other upright projection, the chances are that this sky-tinted bird will make it his home for the summer and in doing so will rear at least two broods. If bits of cloth are scattered near the bird box it will help the pair materially in the construction of the nest. (It seems that any bird takes into consideration in building his home, the food supply, the materials for nest construction and the danger from his enemies.)

During the early spring the bluebird's food consists of weed seeds and the cocoons that he finds on the trunks of fruit and foliage trees. A little later in the season he depends upon the insect life common to orchards and gardens. He is to the fruit or ornamental tree what the toad is to the garden.

By the middle of April or the first of May the nest has been completed and the five or six bluish white eggs have been laid. In about twelve days the hatching occurs and for several days the young are almost a black and quite often the blue does not show until they are ready to leave the nest. The male bird obtains the greater part of the food for both the mother and the young. As they spend the greater part of the fruit season in the same locality they are of inestimable value in reducing the number of insect pests. As they do not start on their southward journey until late in the fall they also help to quite an extent in lessening the weed seeds in the early fall. The trees have often become bare and all insect life hidden before they leave for their long flight. Just previous to leaving for the south they may be seen gathering together in flocks and spending the entire day in search of food, really a preparation for the arduous trip. It is also noticeable that the spirited song of the springtime is changed to one with a harsher and a sadder note.

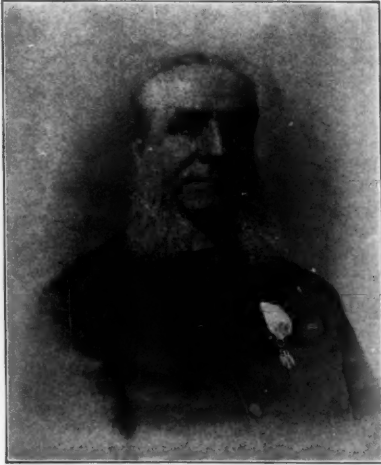
These birds, whose mere presence adds much to any orchard or group of shrubbery, are easily recognized on account of their familiar coloring. Their amiable dispositions and trustful, sociable manners make them general favorites.



"THE KING OF THE NIGHT IS THE BOLD, BROWN OWL"

Some of Our Great Benefactors

Who Remembered the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society in Their Wills



SAMUEL C. COBB
Ex-Mayor of Boston



MRS. ELLEN M. GIFFORD
New Haven, Connecticut



ARIOCHO WENTWORTH
Boston, Massachusetts

WE are presenting on this page reproductions of the photographs of several of our largest benefactors. They are a noble group of men and women. All of them had interests outside of those that centered in the animal world, but they realized that relatively few actually cared enough about animals to do largely or to give largely for their protection from injustice and cruelty.

Some of these gave with great liberality to both of our Societies. Some were chiefly interested in the humane education feature of our work and designated their benefactions for that.

Their names will be forever perpetuated by us in most grateful remembrance. They are the ones who have made possible many of the most far-reaching undertakings carried on by our two Societies.

In the Memorial Hall of our new building their portraits, with those of many others, will be reverently hung and cared for, or their names

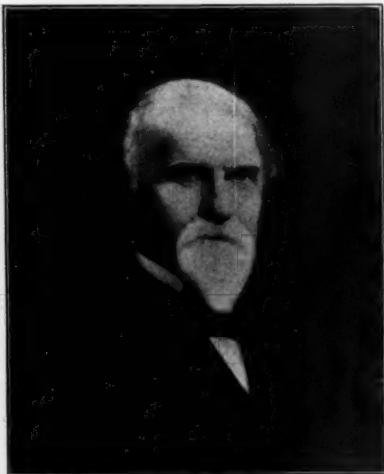


MRS. ELIZABETH F. NOBLE
Mansfield, Massachusetts

preserved on enduring tablets will adorn its walls. Indeed the name of every contributor to the building will be preserved so long as the Societies live. Portraits and photographs of benefactors we are obtaining wherever possible for this purpose. We greatly regret that we have been unable to find even a photograph of some of our largest givers. We shall much appreciate the assistance of friends and relatives of those who leave us bequests, in helping us secure suitable likenesses of them.

Hundreds have given in smaller amounts where the will to do has been as strong and generous as in the case of those with more abundant means. These we appreciate no less. We know that some of these latter friends of our work would have matched the most munificent of the gifts we have received if only it had been in their power. These, too, with others to come after them, their names, their portraits if we can obtain them, belong in our "Hall of Fame."

F.H.R.



SAMUEL E. SAWYER
Gloucester, Massachusetts



MRS. RACHEL LEWIS
Boston, Massachusetts



MISS MARTHA R. HUNT
Somerville, Massachusetts



Photograph by Elwin R. Sanborn

THE ESKIMO DOGS

By ALICE JEAN CLEATOR

**Nations applaud and clasp a hero's hand
Who plants a flag on new-discovered land,**

**Completing thus the world's geography,
Dispelling the dark fogs of mystery.**

**Yet it has other heroes all unsung!
Eskimo dogs, who have your praises rung?**

**You big, gaunt fellows so devoid of grace
With dense, gray coat and half-wild, wolfish face.**

**Who better knows than you the sledge-whip's pain,
The urging voice, the pack-loads' horrid strain?**

**The polar night, the Arctic's piercing breath,
The waiting for supplies, long hunger, death?**

**Yes, "exploration" is a glorious name—
The world's loud plaudits and the hero's fame,**

**Yet there are other heroes all unsung,
Eskimo dogs, who have your praises rung?**

THE DOG CAME BACK

A few months ago a dog, apparently without a home, or in other words just an ordinary hobo canine, but a fine looking fellow, was badly injured by a street car in Green Bay, Wisconsin, says the *Review* of that town. L. P. Hurley, the watchman for the Grass Rug Company at its warehouse in the Y. M. C. A. building, out of his kindness of heart took the dog there and cared for him until recovery, when the animal departed to again take up his wandering life. A few evenings ago he appeared at the building limping badly on three feet, and carefully holding up the fourth, which had been injured. Mr. Hurley was at the door and saw from the dog's eyes that the animal begged entrance. This was granted and the dog entered and remained until well again, when he went away as before.

Such things raise our estimate of the genus dog and call to mind the words of Barney, the janitor, "He had the sinse of a Christian and the lovin' heart of a dog, an' whin ye've said that, ye've said it all."

THE BIRDS' PRAYER

By E. L. HYDE

Our Maker we look unto Thee for Thou didst create us and pronounce us good. We come unto Thee for Thou dost notice the sparrows' fall. We lift our prayer to Thee for Thou "hearest the young ravens" when they cry. Shield us from the snare of the fowler and from inhumane killers that destroy us who would help tend the gardens of the earth. May the mother-hearted women, the wise men and the tender loving children be an ever-increasing host that shall shield, protect and preserve us. Thou gavest to men Thy Bow of Promise; wilt Thou not give unto us a Bow of Hope which shall span the dark cloud of our present increasing distress? Then can we with joy again air in Thy sunshine the colors borrowed from Thy Promise Bow, and lift up with fresh strength the voices Thou didst loan us from Heaven, that we might join the chorus of the angelic hosts who praise Thee as Creator and Preserver. O, Thou Giver of life, preserve us, we pray Thee.

THE FOSTER-MOTHER

By DR. JOHN H. DOYLE

[This story appeared so incredible when we received it that, though knowing of Dr. Doyle, its author and the owner of the dog, through personal friends, his neighbors, (for we lived once in Fall River), we wrote him for further confirmation. He writes: "I do not blame you for doubting my story as it does seem incredible, but it actually happened. My wife, mother and sisters, and many of our neighbors were witnesses of the facts. I was myself under the impression that what occurred was a physiological impossibility."

"Cleo was my constant companion, except when I was called out at night on a sick call, when she would go to my wife's room and guard it till I returned. Then she would go to her own bed. In fact if I told all the wonderful things she has done I should be looked upon as out of my senses. The picture is a poor one as she yawned just as I snapped the camera."

I HAVE had the pleasure of witnessing an exhibition of the deep-seated maternal instinct that is possessed by the lower animals, particularly the dog, and I felt that it would be of interest to all lovers of the dumb creatures.

This story has to do with Cleo, a beautiful and intelligent English setter.

At the time, Cleo was about one year old, and was accompanying me in my rounds about the farm. With us was an old white bulldog who, as a rule, was in the habit of attending to his own affairs, but always held his ground should any thing or person attempt to interrupt "the even tenor of his way."

It so happened that I had to go to the basement of the house, and both dogs were following, as was their custom. While passing through one of the cellars, I discovered, in a box on a shelf, four feet from the floor, our cat, Judy, with four new kittens, about two days old.

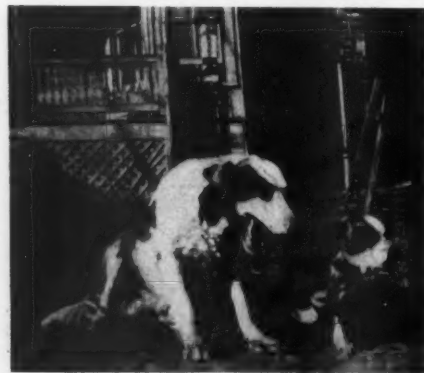
Judy, immediately upon spying the dogs, became concerned about the safety of her children and made a flying tackle at the bulldog. As was but natural, the dog defended himself, and in the twinkling of an eye, Mrs. Judy was dead with a broken neck.

I was greatly incensed at the bulldog, even though he had at no time been the aggressor, and, to punish him, I took him to the stable and penned him up. Then after disposing of the cat's body, I went to the cellar wondering what I would do with the kittens.

In the excitement of the moment I had completely forgotten Cleo, and imagine my surprise when I saw her lying in the box with the kittens and fondly cuddling them up to her, giving them the greatest of attention; and she seemed to be very proud and happy in the possession of her newly adopted family. In a few moments the kittens ceased crying, and seemed contented, as they snuggled up to their new foster-mother.

I was very much interested in watching this pretty picture, and very proud of Cleo, so thought I would leave her with them for a while, and watch for results.

Cleo had always been a very obedient animal,



"CLEO" AND ONE OF HER PUPS

but she refused to answer my whistle when I called her for her usual feeding. She was so anxious about her family she had no desire for food, if it could be obtained only by leaving the box. But I finally insisted on her coming to me, and she reluctantly obeyed. However, as soon as she took the bone she returned to the box with it, and began to break off little pieces, and tried to get the kittens to eat them. Of course this was not possible, as they were too young to eat. It surely was a pleasing sight to see that so-called "lower" animal attend to those kittens. When she jumped from the floor to that box—a distance of four feet—she would land with a remarkable lightness, and never touch one of the kittens; she would lick them and fondle them, and the expression of love and tenderness in her big, kind eyes, was a most touching sight.

The problem of feeding the kittens now presented itself, and I had about decided to get rid of them, as it was useless to attempt to feed them from a saucer. But imagine my great surprise when I discovered the kittens peacefully nursing at Cleo's breasts.

Now Cleo had never had any puppies of her own, and I was under the impression that it was physiologically impossible for her breasts to secrete milk. But on closer examination I found she had a free flow of milk, and that the kittens were feasting to their hearts' content.

Cleo stayed with them for nearly two weeks, never once leaving the box, only for her food, and then returning almost immediately, and always with a portion of her own meal for the kittens. The flow of milk became so great that I was compelled to massage her breasts twice a day, in order to prevent them from caking, as the kittens could not use it all.

By this time their eyes were open and they were able to drink from a saucer, and I decided to take Cleo away from them. In order to do so I was compelled to carry her, as she refused to leave them, and finally I took her to a friend in another part of the city, where she stayed for a few weeks. While there she was restless for some days, and would mope around; this being quite different from her usual disposition.

A short while after I went away to a distant State, and took Cleo with me. After a stay of one year, we returned, and on entering the old home, we were met by two of Cleo's foster-children, who were now full-grown cats, but they had forgotten their good friend of former days, and immediately proceeded to get rid of her. She was allowed to come in the house only after the cats had been chased to another room.

Cleo has since had a family of her own, and she gave the puppies the same loving care that she did to the kittens. She has been a remarkable dog in many ways, and we think her the finest on earth.

LORD CREWES QUICK TO ACT

Mr. Edward Fox Sainsbury of Dieppe, France, informs us that he recently received a complaint from an English correspondent, made by the assistant engineer in the Public Works Department of the Frontier road in India (Dera Ishmail Khan to Kohatt). It seems that there ponies harnessed in pairs convey people from one post to another, often at great speed and in frightfully hard and badly fitted harness and collars, not only causing sores but often causing the horses to fall, and that though appeals for relief from this terrible brutality were sent to the authorities no notice was taken. Mr. Sainsbury succeeded in having the matter called to the attention of Lord Crewes, Minister for India, who immediately forwarded the communication to the proper authorities in India.



A WEST VIRGINIA COON

An Old Actor's Personal Experience

The following letter was addressed to the Editor of *The Animals' Guardian*, London:

My dear Sir:—I have not read "The Under Dog." I have no need to. I have but to close my eyes, and the memory of what I have seen in thirty years of stage life comes crowding upon me in all its horrors.

I had always promised myself, in my first leisure moments, to set forth some of my experiences. And, lo! I hear that it has been done, and capitally done, by master minds. Bravo! Mr. Bensusan. Bravo! Mr. Trist.

I have seen the "dear, sweet little dog" who said his prayers (God help him!) and did such clever things that the ladies vowed his trainer must possess "wonderful patience!" I have seen that most unfortunate of creatures mercilessly thrashed in the dressing-room for a slight hesitation in one of those "sweet tricks!" I have seen that same dog so atrociously starved in his lodgings as to arouse even a callous landlady to indignant protest. I have seen that dog's tail, that always hung so disconsolately, tied to its collar in a "happy" position by means of an invisible wire. And when the wretched creature wagged its tail in mute appeal for one ray of mercy, the delight of the audience knew no bounds!

I have seen the be-diamonded couple fattening and battenning upon the protracted agonies of their victim. They performed at the leading London and provincial variety theatres.

I have seen the rollicking bears—those merry-hearted (!), irresponsible creatures, cooped up in semi-darkness under a cold and draughty stage, and confined in such tight boxes with iron-barred fronts. They were unable to stand upright or turn, and the only movement their cramped quarters permitted was a jerk from side to side; and in this exercise they passed their half-starved days. When brought upon the stage they craned their necks in sheer relief from the unbearable strain of their fearfully cramped prison. Onlookers exclaimed: "How human!" I have been by when the assistant to a well-known animal-trainer, in the employ of one of the largest importers of wild beasts, struck a lion's paw with his iron-handled whip so as to cripple him for a month simply because the poor beast lay with a very small part of his paw protruding from the cage. I witnessed the breaking-in of a den of lions by the greatest "lion-tamer" that ever lived. It was a fantastic nightmare of cruelty.

The inhuman treatment of performing monkeys, elephants, cats and other fellow-creatures would fill volumes. Why not a Guild of Mercy,

with branches in every city and town, the members of which should pledge themselves to boycott and use every endeavor to induce their friends to avoid every house of entertainment which, by including performing animals in its program, is exploiting, or abetting the exploitation of, the agony of dumb creatures?

I would like to know what punishment will be meted out in another world to callous brutes who, as conjurers, and even "drawing-room entertainers" (save the mark!) are inflicting harrowing tortures upon inoffensive rabbits, ducks, geese, guinea-pigs, pigeons, etc.? These and other unfortunates are unnaturally confined in dark dressing-rooms, or lodgings with insufficient, and oftentimes without, water, light or air. During the performances they are frequently crushed into receptacles that cause them excruciating sufferings (I have heard their cries of pain above the din of the orchestra!) These creatures are being wantonly sacrificed, as a performer once told me, "because they are so cheap and easy to replace!"

No right-minded person would attend a conjurer's performance which included bird, beast or fish.

With best wishes for your success,

Yours truly,

C. E. HAVERLY.

JOHN RUSKIN'S CREED

John Ruskin condemned activities which are linked to cruelty. Cruel sport he held in the utmost detestation. Deep into heart had sunk the noble moral which Wordsworth appended to his ballad of "Hartleap Well":

"One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide:

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

And Mr. Ruskin wrote in no doubtful terms concerning the cruel pleasures of English gentlemen. He held that they are absolutely shut out, and ought to hold themselves shut out, from activities, whether for health or enjoyment, which necessitate the hunting, the coursing, the shooting of innocent bird or beast. A day on the moors shooting the beautiful birds of the air: a day on the coursing field, letting loose strong-limbed dogs on the feeble hare; worse still, a day in the pigeon cover, shooting down the helpless, defenseless captives there,—are days in his esteem, ill-spent, horrible to think of, and as degrading to the persons who so spend them as they are deathful to the poor creatures in whose sufferings their pleasures are sought.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President,
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

Boston, February, 1914

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit, except when copyrighted.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS"

This campaign is a kind of humane education by injunction. No one need obey it any more than he need obey those other injunctions, "Don't worry!" "Judge not!" "Lend a hand!" But sounded over and over again in the ears of men, meeting their eyes at innumerable turns, the words sink in at last and influence character.

A friend said to us recently, "How indignant I have been seeing the cab drivers of Paris beating their starved horses under the very placards which read 'Be kind to your animals.'" But were they more cruel because of the placards? Can any one know how many arms uplifted to strike were stayed because of the words; how many children reading the words for the first time learned that animals had claims upon human kindness?

It is said that if enough people tell a man he is a fool he will believe it in time. There are advertisements that stare you out of countenance in street-cars, in newspapers, on bill-boards until your only escape is to go and buy the thing advertised. If we can make these words, "Be Kind to Animals," so universally common that every man, woman and child will sooner or later absorb them and their meaning, get them really into their blood, who shall measure the blessing to all forms of animal life? It has happened many times that children taught to be kind to animals have discovered that kindness toward their fellows was one of the most self-rewarding virtues they could practise.

Ten thousand of us do not need this injunction. Kindness may come natural to us, or we may have been taught its worth. But what of the millions who do not think, who have had no training? For these the "Be Kind to Animals" campaign has been started. It's such an easy thing to help along. It costs such a trifle. No wonder over 25,000 buttons went days before Christmas, and we had to order as many more.

"Send me a hundred buttons," or "send me five hundred buttons," or "a thousand," came the letters from everywhere, even from England, "I want to give them to the children in our schools," or "I am buying them for our Sunday-school," or "I am selling them for a penny a piece to everyone I meet and want more."

It's just one more way—and a very easy and effective way—of sending forward the gospel of kindness to every living thing. F.H.R.

PROGRESS

All our readers interested in the campaign for humane methods in slaughtering will be pleased to know that the organization of the various state committees for the purpose of bringing this subject before Congress is rapidly going forward. Dr. W. O. Stillman, president of the American Humane Association which has taken it up as a national issue, is vigorously at work upon the wisest plan. He has the heartiest cooperation of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. F.H.R.

WASTE AND WAR

It was recently stated in Boston by a public lecturer who seemed to have official figures to support his statements, that militarism in this country costs as much every year as would build and equip a new Harvard University every three weeks, that the cost of the Civil War would provide a \$1700 bungalow and furnish it with \$400 worth of furniture for every man, woman and child in the land.

When 60 per cent. of the nation's revenue goes to maintain an army and navy, no wonder we hear of the high cost of living. All honor to Mr. Bryan and others like him who are dreamers enough to imagine that nations are not wholly fools and may yet be persuaded to enter into some sort of agreement that will make possible a vast reduction in the amounts now wasted of the peoples' hard-earned money. F.H.R.

A PLEA FOR HELP

M. Jerome Perinet, 34 Chemin des Clos, Geneva, Switzerland, president of the Geneva S. P. C. A. and our representative in Europe in Band of Mercy work, has done noble service during the past three years in establishing Bands of Mercy and in calling the attention of European ministers of education to this important subject. Bands have been formed in schools of Switzerland, Italy, Belgium and France. Through his activity it looks as if France would introduce them into all her public schools. There seems no limit to the opportunity opening before him if only he had the means to travel or even to publish the necessary literature. He has devoted himself most unselfishly to this cause. We have been able to furnish him some financial aid, but he needs much more. Are there not friends who, knowing the need, will generously assist him? We vouch for his ability, trustworthiness and sincerity of purpose. F.H.R.

KINDNESS AND THE COAL WAGON

The "Be Kind to Animals" campaign is extending. We have just had made 500 attractive enamel signs in white and blue, three inches wide by ten long, bearing the words, "Be Kind to Animals," which the following coal companies of Boston have been kind enough to accept and have placed upon their wagons: Bay State Fuel Co., F. C. Warren and Bradford Co., Staples Coal Co. This means that by the time the February issue of this magazine is out, 250 coal wagons will be traveling about Boston carrying wherever they go the plea for kindness to animals.

We profoundly appreciate the willingness of these large coal companies to cooperate with us in this movement. We hope their example will be followed by many others, and that this is just the beginning. The Stetson Coal Co. have placed the signs in their stables.

It will be difficult for any driver whose wagon bears this "motto" to treat his horses unfairly. The situation would be embarrassing. Besides we believe the drivers of many of these splendid horses take great pride in them.

We are also having made pennants of red felt with these same words, "Be Kind to Animals," in white, which can be stitched onto horse blankets. Already some are to be seen on our streets and we have reason to believe this will also be a popular way of calling attention to the claims of animal life upon man's sense of justice.

We shall be glad to furnish these to humane societies or individuals in large or small numbers at just what they cost us by the hundred. See our advertisement. F.H.R.

VIVISECTION AND THE STATE

It is said that the Legislature of New York is to be urged again to enact some measure to regulate the practice of vivisection. That abuses exist that should be stopped, and stopped with vigorous hand, we do not question. So long as experimentation is permitted by the State for what are designated as scientific purposes, we cannot see why the rank and file of the medical profession should not lend their aid to its regulation. We doubt if there is any physician or surgeon, worthy the name, who would not oppose experimentation by all irresponsible persons, or by those who seek to satisfy some personal curiosity, or who would repeat an experiment to demonstrate what has been demonstrated a thousand times and is perfectly understood.

Needless suffering is abhorrent to all right-minded people. And that in the practice of vivisection, in spite of modern anaesthetics, there occur many instances of wholly unnecessary suffering, the world in general is fast coming to believe. Many who cannot accept the position taken by those who say that no benefits have come to the human race from animal experimentation are bitterly opposed to every phase of it that involves indifference to the animal's sensitiveness to pain, and have no respect for the experimenter who causes suffering, to say nothing of torment, where care and humanity can prevent it.

Against the abuses of vivisection, against every experiment that is a mere repetition to verify a fact already clearly known by the medical world, against whatever savors of torture to animal life, we are confident reputable physicians, like all other reputable men and women, must utter their protest.

That the day is coming when limitations must be put upon the practice in question, we cannot doubt. It must be confined to men whose character and skill will be a guaranty against its abuses. Difficult as it may be to determine who would constitute a genuinely non-partisan commission to pass upon what is legitimate and what is not, something must be done in this direction, and the medical profession should help toward that end, and not hinder. There must be sanity and fairness enough on both sides of the question to reach some ground that, while not by any means all either side might deem ideal, would be better than the present one of bitterness and mutual recrimination.

We appreciate the position of the physician who thinks the average layman an incompetent judge. Just as a skilful surgeon may not want the public admitted to the operating room where he is performing some serious operation to save, if he can, a human life. Many things there would shock and distress one unfamiliar with the surroundings and the necessities of the situation. Still no surgeon would refuse to have his work passed upon by one fitted to decide whether or not the patient was subjected to needless pain or peril.

The question of the "open door" does not mean the doors of medical school and laboratory open at all times to all sorts and conditions of people. It means that all of us, whatever our work, whether we run railroads, or banks, or manufacturing establishments, or philanthropic institutions, or hospitals, or laboratories, or medical schools, must soon or late recognize that whatever cannot stand a sane, unprejudiced investigation, is doomed. The facts, so they are not against man's highest nature, and his largest ideas of what is just and fair and right—of these none of us need be afraid. F.H.R.

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston
 Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
 DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
 HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
 EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;
 S. LEROY SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treas.;
 GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
 Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Fort Hill 2640
 JAMES R. HATHAWAY, Chief Agent
FREE DISPENSARY
 73 Central Street, Boston
 Open daily except Sunday from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.
 F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.; D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined	4448
Fish peddlers' and hawkers' horses examined	418
Number of prosecutions	21
Number of convictions	21
Horses taken from work	122
Horses humanely killed	157
Animals treated at Free Dispensary	503
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined	32,846
Cattle, swine and sheep killed	37

The Mass. S. P. C. A. has received a bequest of \$100 from Mrs. Frances H. Hood, and \$82.70 from the estate of A. Bertha Caton; also gifts of \$277.23 from "a friend," \$105 from Mrs. Charles I. Travelli, \$100 each from "a friend in Paris," and Mrs. Mary K. Bolles, \$40 from James F. Morse, \$30 from Mrs. E. B. Bryant, \$25 from Miss Annie H. Brown, and \$15 from Mrs. Coolidge S. Roberts; and \$90.79, interest. The Society has been remembered in the will of Horace W. Wadleigh of Concord to the extent of \$2000, and in that of Miss Helen M. Griggs of Minneapolis, Minnesota, to the extent of \$500.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$373.88 from the estate of Elizabeth F. Noble, \$131 from "a friend of animals," \$67.37 from "a co-worker" for the distribution of humane literature, \$50 from the Columbus, Ohio, Humane Society, \$33.77 from Mrs. Lela G. Dodge, and \$30 from Mrs. J. C. McVay; and \$33.28, interest.

Boston, January 21, 1914.

If A. K. C. will call at this office, we shall be greatly pleased.

THE MASS. S. P. C. A. AND THE POLICE

The following letters need no explanation. They indicate the cooperation we have always sought between our Society and the police force of Boston, and which, if it did not exist, would seriously cripple our work. We are glad many times to acknowledge by a personal letter the effective service rendered by some particular officer:

Boston, Dec. 30, 1913.

Mr. Stephen O'Meara,
 Police Commissioner,
 29 Pemberton Sq., Boston, Mass.

My Dear Commissioner O'Meara:

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals greatly appreciates the cooperation of the police officers of Boston. In many instances they have assisted us both by reporting cases of cruelty to us and by directly enforcing the law themselves.

Will you not once more at the beginning of the New Year call the attention of the force to the aid they can render our Society and so the public by seeing that the anti-cruelty laws are not violated with impunity, by notifying our office of special cases coming under their observation, and by seeing that during cold and inclement weather horses are not left to stand unblanketed, or when the pavements are unusually slippery overtaxed by a too heavy load?

We have for years sent every policeman in Boston a copy of *Our Dumb Animals* every month, and believe we have the good will of the great majority of them. Sincerely hoping we have asked nothing you cannot consistently grant, I am,

Respectfully yours,

PRESIDENT.

City of Boston, Police Department,
 Office of the Commissioner,
 December 31, 1913.

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President.
Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of December 29th and to say that the renewed attention of members of the Police Force will be called to orders previously issued affecting the welfare of horses in the streets.

Respectfully,

STEPHEN O'MEARA,
 Police Commissioner
 for the City of Boston.

DID THE CATTLE KNOW?

The bitter night of January 13, when the thermometer dropped so suddenly to 10 below zero, our agents at the stock-yards never left their work till they saw that the cattle had been warmly housed and provided with plenty of hay. In every case where forethought and interest could prevail, these helpless animals were sheltered and cared for. The 14th, as the weather continued cold and more arrived for slaughter than could be housed, what could the agents do but urge the federal inspectors and butchers to work overtime that none of these poor creatures might be left to wear out a night of suffering? In this they had the ready cooperation of the federal authorities in charge at the abattoir who saw that their request was carried out.

F.H.R.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Our two Societies receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation, binding themselves to pay to the donors, so long as they shall live, a reasonable rate of interest upon the same, or an annuity for a sum agreed upon. The rate of interest will depend upon the age of the donor.

Our carefully invested funds, and the large financial experience of those to whom are entrusted the care and management of them, make an investment like this as good, practically, as a government bond.

Many who have but a few thousand will be able by this arrangement to obtain a much better rate of interest than in any other way, and with absolute safety guaranteed.

No legal contest, or attempt to break a will is possible with reference to money so given.

The President of the Societies solicits correspondence, asking for further details.

"A NEW CAMPAIGN"

We have received the following letter from an appreciative subscriber:

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Pres. A. H. E. S.

My Dear Sir:

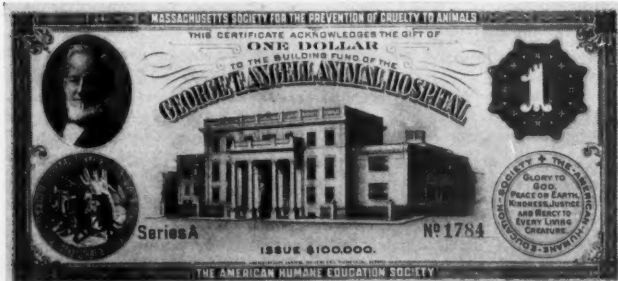
I wish to congratulate you and the American Humane Education Society generally, on the excellent January number of *Our Dumb Animals*. The picture on the front page is beautiful, and I was greatly interested in reading "Be Kind to Animals, A New Campaign," in both December and January issues. I think this campaign one of the best aids to animal welfare, all over the world, since the lamented Mr. Angell founded Bands of Mercy, and hope your Society's suggestion that these words be given the widest possible dissemination, on blackboards in schools, in all public places, stables, and everywhere where they will catch the public eye, taught in day schools and Sunday-schools, etc., will be taken up by all interested in humane work. The possibility of good accruing from the widest dissemination of these words is incalculable, conveying as they do all that could be said in the interest of all humane work. I hope your Society will meet with the support this campaign deserves, as it means, in my view, so much for animal welfare. The badge is certainly a very attractive one, and should be worn by as many children and grown people as possible. Inclosed find my check for \$6, for which send me one thousand badges with S. P. C. A. on same. With best wishes for the New Year (campaign).

Yours very truly,

DEER IN MASSACHUSETTS

Two important committee meetings have been held in the interests of better legislation for the deer in Massachusetts. Whatever the issue, the Society is doing its utmost to lessen the evils incident to the present law.

WILL YOU NOT SUBSCRIBE FOR ONE OR MORE OF THESE CERTIFICATES?



I herewith remit the sum of \$..... for.....
 Certificates, said amount to be used in the erection of the
ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMALS' HOSPITAL.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;
S. LEROY SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treas.;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

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Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Boise, Idaho
Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio.

RESOLUTIONS ENDORSING MRS. DIXON

Whereas, the American Humane Education Society of Boston has been the means of enlightening our people respecting their duty towards our dumb creatures, and

Whereas, the Society's method has wonderfully helped our home-makers in their endeavors to have better and more sanitary homes, therefore be it

Resolved; that we, the members of the Palmetto Annual Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, now assembled, do tender this Society a vote of thanks for appointing Mrs. E. L. Dixon to instruct our people, in the churches, schools and homes of this State respecting their duty, and who by her addresses and the distribution of the Society's literature is preaching the gospel of cleanliness as well as training our people to be sympathetic and kind to all of God's creatures, and for the very splendid and helpful address delivered by her before the Conference on Friday night, last.

Resolved, that we heartily concur with her in this splendid line of work, and commend her to all with whom she may come in contact.

Signed by members of the Palmetto Conference, Rt. Rev. J. S. Caldwell, Presiding Bishop. Union, S. C., November 30, 1913.

A TEACHER'S OPINION

Margaret W. Quigley, a teacher in the Southwestern State Normal School, Weatherford, Oklahoma, in ordering subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, writes: "I shall boost this magazine the rest of my days. It is the greatest of them all for children."

THE EDUCATION THAT IS NEEDED

Humane education is as wide as human life. It means fair play, the spirit of brotherhood between man and man, no less than that treatment of all animal life which springs from the highest sense of justice and kindness.

The measure of men and nations is rapidly being taken beside the standard which demands that character shall be as gentle as it is strong, as mighty to love as it is powerful to think and do.

Cruelty, like a hundred other evil things, is the child of darkness nourished by the foster-mother ignorance. The night disappears when the day arrives. We accept the words of Victor Hugo: "The true human division is this, the luminous and the shady. To diminish the number of the shady and increase that of the luminous, that is the object. That is why we cry—'Education! Knowledge!' To learn to read is to light the fire; every syllable spelled out is a spark." This is as true in the moral world as in the intellectual.

Cruelty, indifference to the claims of man or beast, strikes back upon the cruel and the indifferent. Prolong the life of the average working horse of the United States a single year by feeding and caring for him humanely and you add more than a billion dollars to the nation's wealth. Do the same by the cattle of the land and again the returns mount up into millions. The destruction of our birds is costing us the appalling loss of something like eight hundred millions annually. From every point of view humane education demands our attention.

When the principles of this education are masters of the souls of men, the day of violence, strife, class hatred, race prejudice, and war, is done, and governments and social institutions will have been established on foundations that will abide. No more sacred trust is committed to the teachers in our public schools than this. When the fair fruitage of this work issues in that better day that is before us, to them, more than to any others, will be due the golden crown of praise.

F.H.R.

PROGRESS IN TURKEY

Mrs. Alice W. Manning of Constantinople, writes that although humane work in Turkey was greatly hindered during the war, it is hoped that now more can be done. Many of the most influential people who were interested in the Humane Education Society and the Constantinople S. P. C. A. moved away, but the new supervisor of the city government, M. Dufour, is active and energetic, and has begun a crusade against the slaughter of birds by snares and lime, there being a law against this practice. M. Dufour also hopes to secure municipal regulations that will be of assistance to the Society in securing a national humane law.

The Humane Education Society has distributed eight Angell Prize Contest medals in different schools and colleges of Turkey, and will send several more to the Normal School at Sivas. Packages of books and leaflets have been sent to all the American schools in Turkey. "Black Beauty" has recently been published in Armenian, and a Greek edition is about to be printed.

Annual prizes have been awarded to the donkey boys of Prinkipo and Halke for the best looking animals, whose improved condition has been a subject of much favorable comment.

DOES YOUR SOCIETY DO THIS?

The Lebanon, Pennsylvania, S. P. C. A. has subscribed for *Our Dumb Animals*, to be sent during 1914 to all fire companies, livery stables and schools in that city. For any humane society, which will send us a list of not over one hundred local names and addresses, we will send a sample copy of the magazine to each address, postpaid, without charge.

Angell Memorial Hospital

"The Society has a great work before it; and it earnestly asks the aid and prayers of every man and woman who believes in God, and has sympathy for His suffering creatures."

GEORGE T. ANGELL'S
Appeal in the Boston papers,
April, 1868

The Free Dispensary for Animals at 73 Central Street, Boston, has been opened six months. During this period the number of animals treated has averaged nearly nineteen per day. The splendid success of our Dispensary is only emphasizing the fact that a hospital for animals is needed. Many cases that have come to the Dispensary would have been proper subjects for hospital treatment, and we are anxious for the day when such treatment can be extended as effectively as it is needed.

Now, more than ever, we need the assistance of everyone. The task of erecting a Home for our Societies and an Animal Hospital is a very difficult one, because it must be done without impairing revenue dedicated to the furtherance of the many other phases of our work.

We make an earnest appeal to our readers,—to all the people that through *Our Dumb Animals* have been educated to love animals and to advocate the advancement of humane education.

Send us a contribution, and if your means do not allow you to do more, send for a certificate of gift of the Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital Fund. It will be a pleasant remembrance to know that your name will be perpetuated forever as a contributor to one of the most noble and practical movements for the advancement of the humane idea.

We have faith in the generosity of the people of Massachusetts because we know that in every instance they have come to the assistance of all worthy causes.

NATHANIEL T. KIDDER } Executive Committee
FRANCIS H. ROWLEY } Angell Memorial
MRS. GEORGE T. ANGELL }

A SIDE-LIGHT ON MEXICO

A prominent attorney with offices in Mexico City, who arrived in New York recently, is quoted as saying: "Money conditions are bad, but people seem to get money somewhere to attend the bull-fights. Before I left Mexico City one bull-fight in which a prominent Spanish matador participated, was witnessed by a howling mob of 40,000 people, and tickets were sold as high as \$10 Mexican money. Huerta was there—and unattended at that. When the bull was killed by what the Mexicans regarded as a very clever thrust, Huerta threw all the money he had in his possession and his diamond scarf-pin into the arena, much to the elation of the successful matador."

NEW LAW IN MICHIGAN

As the result of the law passed in Michigan through the efforts of our American Humane Education Society last winter, every school in that State is required to arrange its curriculum to include such humane education as the kind and just treatment of horses, dogs, cats and other animals and also the important part they fulfil in the economy of nature.

Superintendent of Public Instruction, Fred L. Keeler, says it is the purpose of the law not only to have kindness inculcated in the minds of the children, but also to have them appreciate the worth of birds and various animals in dollars and cents. In order to aid the teachers in this work the department of public instruction has available for distribution a bulletin concerning the common birds of Michigan.

Wild Hearts in Winter Homes

Being the fifth of a series of six articles of adventure in field and forest

Copyright, 1913, by F. G. Browne & Co.

By CLARENCE HAWKES

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ONE afternoon late in December Ben and I tied on our snowshoes and went for a winter's walk. Although it was only December, there had been several heavy snows, with some sharp freezes, so that the old earth had the appearance of midwinter. It was fine snowshoeing, there being just crust enough to hold us up so that we glided along easily.

"It has always been a wonder to me," said Ben, as we shuffled along, "how the wild creatures can take such good care of themselves in the extreme cold.

"A tiny field mouse or a bit of woodpecker can keep warm and provide for their daily wants where you and I would freeze and starve.

"Where do you imagine the meadow mice are now, Harry?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I should think they would have a hard time of it."

"Not at all, not at all," replied Ben. "They are as snug as bugs in rugs in their endless winding tunnels under the grass roots. The deep snow that looks so cold only serves to keep them warm.

"A meadow mouse doesn't have to keep to four or five rooms in the winter, as you or I do. He has got a dozen pantries and a dozen dining-rooms in his tunnels underground, and sitting-room and bed-room with each. He can travel also if he has a mind to in his winding tunnels.

"So all he has got to do is to eat, sleep and be merry, while you and I have to saw and split the wood and do a dozen other chores.

"It is almost as much of a mystery how the fox survives when we remember that his principal article of diet, in the seasons when the ground is not covered with snow, is mice. He rarely catches any in the winter, although he occasionally digs down to the grass and tries his luck.

"Nearly all the other small game upon which he relies in the summer is now denned up, and Mr. Fox has to sharpen his wits or go hungry.

"But he is a clever fellow and will get his dinner in some way, where more stupid animals would starve.

"I am afraid, even as it is, that he would often go hungry if it were not for the poor rabbit, who is food for both bird and beast, and probably the most widely hunted creature that runs on four legs.

"The hawk, the owl, the weasel, the wild cat, the lynx, the fisher, and last, but not least, the sly reynard, all dine on the poor rabbit, and if he did not multiply so rapidly, he would soon become extinct.

"Here we are at the rabbit swamp. Now we

Clarence Hawkes is the author of sixteen animal story books, all written from the animals' standpoint. Among them are "Shaggycoat," "The Trail to the Woods," "Little Foresters," etc. The story here is from "The Boy Wood-crafter," and is published by special arrangement with F. G. Browne & Co., Chicago.

will have to take off our snowshoes and wallow.

"Here is the rabbit's Broadway," said Ben, winding about through the laurel. "It's crooked enough to be Washington Street, but it is just a rabbit's main street through his village. Here on each side are the avenues and the other side streets and leading off from them are the paths leading up to Mr. Rabbit's front door. Perhaps Mr. Rabbit's house is a nest under three feet of snow beneath a bunch of laurel roots, or maybe it is an old burrow; in either case he keeps as mum about it as he can. He doesn't keep his

seem to be so very many things to see, although I see more than I used to, but when I go with you every old stump contains something."

Ben chuckled. "Does seem as though I had the street and number for all the wild folk down in my head, doesn't it? Well, I haven't at all. I just have to look for things like other people. A great many of the things that I show you I have spent days and weeks looking for. The secrets of the woods don't come easy, and that is why they are worth trying to discover.

"Did you ever stop to think where all the woodpeckers are keeping themselves in the winter? They don't migrate, that is, not many of them. The golden woodpecker, or flicker, does, but we still have the hairy, the downy, the red-crest, and the yellow-bellied sapsucker. You will see them all on warm days.

"In the autumn these woodpeckers pick out winter quarters in the trees, and that is why you so often hear pounding in the fall. They make the winter nest larger and more commodious than the spring one, but Mr. and Mrs. Woodpecker each have a nest, usually in different trees. In fact, I can't see that the pairing woodpeckers have very much to do with one another, once their young are reared.

"The yellow-bellied sapsucker enjoys the winter, especially the latter part of it, more than all the other woodpeckers put together, for it is his special time of harvest.

"As soon as sap will run, Mr. Yellow-Belly picks out a maple that he knows contains sweet sap, and goes up and down the trunk drilling small holes through the bark and into the wood. These holes are slanted down so that when the sap flows they will fill. By the time Mr. Yellow-Belly has drilled his fiftieth hole, the first is full of sap, and all the rogue has to do now is to travel up and down the trunk of the tree drinking out of his sap wells. He will sometimes spend nearly the whole of a warm March day drinking sap.

"Now we are coming to some queer looking country. It is the edge of Great Bear Swamp, but we are not going to penetrate it."

It was a wild-looking, desolate piece of land, scantily wooded with small willows, birches, both white and yellow, and dotted here and there with a thick clump of spruces. The land was evidently rather moist and was altogether as uninteresting a spot as I had ever seen.

"I don't see what we came here for, Ben," said, in a rather disgusted tone. "We can't see much here, unless it is an occasional rabbit track. It is about as lonesome a place as ever I saw."

"It is a lonesome spot," replied Ben, indulging my humor, "but those are just the places that the wild creatures like. They are not so fond of man's society as you might imagine.

"But I guess you will see other than rabbit tracks here. Tracks are just what I came here to show you."

Ben was right, as usual. In a few moments we came upon the greatest jumble of tracks that I



"HE STAMPED AND SNORTED AGAIN, THIS TIME GIVING A SHORT WHISTLE"

card tacked up to tell the other wild creatures where he lives."

"Why not?" I asked. "I should think he would want his friends to know where he lived."

"So he would if he had any, other than rabbit friends," replied Ben, "but his acquaintances outside the rabbit family are mostly enemies. If it is near a stream the mink will come and try to find what number Mr. Rabbit's house is.

"The weasel will also try to catch him asleep and suck his blood, while half a dozen others will try to catch him outside his house."

"There is one thing that I don't understand, Ben," I said, as we again put on our snowshoes and tramped on through the open hard wood.

"When I go into the woods alone there don't

have ever seen. They ran in every direction, but most of them kept to well-beaten paths.

"What in the world is this, Ben?" I cried, all excitement. "It doesn't look like anything I have ever seen. Seems as though a lot of sheep had been playing fox and geese."

"That is a pretty fair guess, Harry," said Ben. "They do look a little like sheep or calf tracks, but that is not what it is. It is a deer yard."

"A deer yard!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "I don't see any fence around it."

Ben laughed. "This is a yard without a fence," he said. "You see, when the deep snow comes the deer is in a bad fix. He isn't built with his small cutting hoof for traveling in the snow. So he remedies the difficulty by making himself winter quarters."

"The deer always plan their yard so that it shall include plenty of birch, maple and willow browse, and so that they can get to a spring or brook."

"Of course, if the water fails they eat snow, but they much prefer water."

"Ben," I cried, all excitement, "let's run them up into one corner of the yard where we can see them."

My companion laughed. "I guess you would find that quite an undertaking. This yard extends nearly around Bear Swamp, and it probably contains a dozen or fifteen deer. The yard is now doubtless several miles in extent, but it will be much smaller as the winter advances."

"The deer will find it too hard work to keep it all broken out, after the deep snows come, so they will give up a large part of it and narrow down to a hundred acres."

"I found the deer browsing not far from here the other day and perhaps we may see them if we have luck."

"Deer are very wary. Their scent is of the keenest, and their hearing is about as good. The wind is in our favor, however, and that is worth a good deal."

Spite of all we could do, our snowshoes made quite a noise crunching upon the crust, but, as Ben said, the wind was in our favor, and that would also carry the noise as well as our scent away from the deer.

We crept cautiously forward for about forty rods. My nerves were strung to the highest pitch as I had seldom seen a deer.

Finally we came out on the brow of a slight hill which was quite thickly covered with scrub spruces.

Here we crept along from tree to tree, nicely screened by the dark green plumes.

Ben was the first to reach the brow of the hill and peer down into the valley beyond.

When he had done so he turned to me and, putting his finger on his lips as a sign to keep very quiet, he lifted his other hand and wiggled his forefinger.

I knew the sign and was overjoyed. Ben had told me that to all tribes of the American Indians and to trappers and hunters, the world over, the wiggling of the index finger meant, "deer near at hand," as it is supposed to imitate the wiggling of the deer's tail when feeding.

I crept forward to Ben's side and peered in the direction that he indicated. The sight that met my eyes was one of wild picturesqueness and beauty that I shall never forget.

There, in this wonderful setting of valley and hilltop, of light and shadow, were five feeding deer.

A tall, stately buck, was holding down a young birch while he browsed contentedly.

Two does were nibbling at some branches already broken down, while two fawns, who by this time had nearly lost their dappled markings, were standing close to the doe's flanks, as though for warmth and protection.

I hardly dared to breathe lest by some magic

the picture should fade away and be lost. I had barely taken in all the details of this wonderful scene when there was a strong puff of wind at our backs.

"Wind has shifted, Harry," whispered Ben. "Now watch them."

The whisper had barely died upon his lips when the buck threw up his head, snorted and stamped as though half belligerent and half terrified. Then there was another strong puff of wind and he stamped and snorted again, this time giving a short whistle, which sounded like blowing in a bottle.

At this signal the two feeding does sprang to his side, closely followed by the fawns, and the five deer stood in a close bunch wide-eyed and fearful. Their heads held high in the air, and their nostrils distended, their every sense strained to catch the slightest sound or scent.

Again the wind blew strong at our backs, and this time there was no mistaking the taint. With a snort of terror the buck wheeled and led the wild procession at a breakneck pace across the valley and over the distant hilltop.

In fewer seconds than it takes to tell it, the gloom had swallowed them and the magic of the few fleeting moments was broken.

How suddenly the scene changed. Almost in a twinkling the long purple shadows turned to black, the sun disappeared from the distant hilltops, and only a blood-red spot showed where the horizon had been warm and glowing a minute before.

In a second the thermometer seemed to have fallen a dozen degrees and the wind whistled dismally in the leafless treetops.

I shivered and turned up my coat collar. "Let's go home, Ben," I said. "There isn't any more fun for us in the woods today."

Without a word Ben turned and led the way and the rhythmic, mournful creak of our snowshoes made a fitting accompaniment to my thoughts.

How cold, how cheerless, how desolate, the old world, that had seemed so bright and cheerful a few moments before, had grown. The warmth, the life, the joy was all gone out of it. How relentless and cold was the biting wind and frost, and how unkind of all the wild creatures that in some miraculous way must feed themselves and keep warm until spring.

"We will try and stalk the deer again some day," said Ben, "but you'll never see a prettier picture than we saw today, if you tramp the woods until you are as old as I am."

REMEDY FOR "BLACKWATER"

By DANIEL D. LEE

Allow me to say a few words about the disease of horses popularly called "blackwater." There is no need of a horse ever having this disease.

In order to have a case you must first have a horse in perfect training and working every day. Leave the horse in the stable without exercise and give the regular amount of feed for one or more days and then take the horse out to work and in a short time you have a fine case of "blackwater."

I am happy to say that every horse does not take the disease under this treatment, but this is the only way that you can produce the disease. The prevention is too simple: the public will not avail themselves of it.

It consists simply in taking every horse out to exercise on Sundays and holidays for ten or fifteen minutes and omitting the noon feed.

A horse that stands in long enough to lose his training and get soft never has the disease. Cutting down feed without exercise will not prevent the disease.

Nervous horses that move about in their stables and so exercise themselves never have it. It is always the best horse in the stable, the one that is quiet and thrives, that is afflicted.

Potomine poisoning is undoubtedly the cause of the disease, but no one has yet proved it. In fact, we know no more today about the real cause of the disease than we did twenty years ago. The kidneys have nothing to do with it. The red coloring matter of the blood is freed by the breaking up of the corpuscles, and this causes the diagnostic symptom, a darkening of the water.

When a horse is taken he should be at once stopped, heavily blanketed and taken away in an ambulance. The further a horse goes after the first symptoms—lameness and cramp—appear, the more severe is the attack. About seventy per cent. recover.

"WINTER" FOUNTAIN IN DETROIT

Through the efforts of the Animal Welfare Committee an "all-winter" drinking fountain for horses was opened in Detroit, Michigan, late in December. It is expected that the flow of water will be strong enough to make freezing impossible. This was one of many of the H. F. Jenks' Sanitary Fountains donated by Miss Stella D. Ford for the benefit of the horses of that city.



THE DEER'S SPOTS HAVE A PROTECTIVE VALUE



In the Editor's Library

WILD ANIMALS AT HOME, Ernest Thompson Seton.

Few naturalists have set forth the benefits and pleasures of outdoor life, or given us such glimpses of the wild things of the woods, as has Mr. Seton. His latest book brings us still closer to all these creatures whom to know intimately is to spare more.

As one reads of his experiences and slowly acquired friendships with animals of extreme shyness and wariness, there comes to mind in contrast that other and debasing spectacle of the lawless big game hunter, seeking what he may destroy and making fugitives of all that escape.

Yellowstone Park may well be called the "home" of the wild animals. It is here that the mantle of federal protection is over them and their presence and attitude towards man go far in making the region the "Wonderland of the West." It is here that the author invites you to go and meet his friends, the coyote and the cottontail, elk, deer, bear, beaver and bison, and scores of others whose home life and habits it is a pleasure to learn about, if one cannot go there and observe them. "They come out in the daylight," says the author, "they are harmless, and they are not afraid at one's approach. Truly this is ideal, a paradise for the naturalist and the camera-hunter."

Photographs and sketches by the author reveal strange but striking facts about the fourfoots. 226 pp. \$1.50 net. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York.

BARKS AND PURRS, Colette Willy.

In this dainty and diverting little volume the two pets of a Parisian household—a French bull and an Angora cat—carry on a dialogue which is full of wit and wisdom. They discourse learnedly over sentimentalities in general, the lateness of dinner, the illness of their mistress and other momentous topics. Their meditations and dialogues well reflect the character of their mistress and master whose love they reciprocate. Their conversation is never dull or prosy. The text is illustrated by marginal pen and ink sketches.

165 pp. \$1.25 net. Desmond Fitz Gerald, Inc., New York.

RED CROSS DOGS FOR FRANCE

By EDWARD FOX SAINSBURY

Not only is the dog man's best friend in the home, on the farm, and wherever man is found, but it would seem that its valuable services will be used in war and in a measure lessen its horrors. The best breed has been found to be the German sheep dog. Indeed the Germans have already several thousands of well-trained dogs to be used in war time to find poor wounded men fallen at long distances from the centers of activity of the Red Cross ambulances.

At the present moment the French are organizing depots for training dogs. The whole country is interested in the matter. It would appear marvelous how quickly dogs are taught to seek and find the wounded, penetrating into woods, amongst rocks and undergrowths. So soon as a wounded man is found, the dog seizes a cap and returns at once to headquarters. Men there follow the dog till they reach the poor victims, and bring aid and comfort to many a poor despairing man.

All the large towns of France are supporting the movement in favor of supplying the army, or rather the Red Cross Societies, with trained dogs. The women of France, as in all humane work, are giving their time and money. Should war break out these Red Cross dogs will do much to alleviate suffering.

Dieppe, France.

CAT SURGERY

Animals have their own ways of treating their diseases and wounds. Without any human aid whatever, they sometimes make remarkable recoveries. It is not often, however, that complete observation of the means employed is possible, for sick animals generally hide themselves away until recovery—or death—occurs. Especially interesting, therefore, is this circumstantial account of a cat's treatment of a broken tail, sent to *The Youth's Companion* by a contributor, Mrs. S. F. Dyke of Grand Junction, Colorado:

Fuzzy Wuzzy would go out nights, and more than once got into trouble thereby. At dawn one morning we were awakened by his piteous howling. When he came in we could see only that his tail seemed broken about three inches from the base. On inspection, it proved to be shot completely through. The bone was severed and the end of the tail hung by a mere bit of skin.

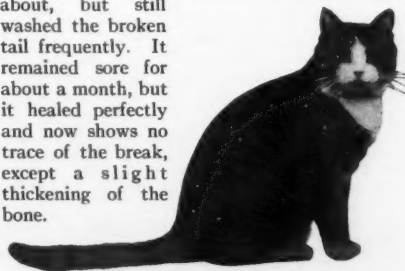
He would let no one go near him; he crawled under a table and growled and spit whenever we went in his direction. We sent for a young medical student who was anxious for "cases." He wanted to cut off the tail and sew the skin over the end of the bone, but the cat would not let the doctor come near him.

Meanwhile Fuzzy Wuzzy took the treatment of the wound into his own hands—or paws. Sitting down, he would take the broken part in his teeth, turn it so that the cut was uppermost, and wash it with his tongue. While giving himself this treatment, he would utter the most agonized screams, and he would keep growling and hissing for a long time afterward.

Every hour or so he would repeat this operation, turning over and crouching down each time with his tail straight out behind him. Sometimes it would take him several minutes to get it stretched out to suit him.

We took his food to him so as to save him as much as we could. We would put it as near him as he would let us come, and then with a long stick push it still closer.

At the end of a week the doctor declared that the strip of skin was growing wider. It continued to grow rapidly, and soon closed up the cut. Fuzzy then began to walk about, but still washed the broken tail frequently. It remained sore for about a month, but it healed perfectly and now shows no trace of the break, except a slight thickening of the bone.



GREENFIELD (MASS.) S. P. C. A.

The Greenfield (Massachusetts) S. P. C. A., organized two years ago, now has a membership of 118. At its recent annual meeting the same officers and directors were reelected; a petition to the Legislature for the incorporation of the Society was signed, also the petition circulated by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. to modify the laws regarding the killing of deer.

Although the Society depends largely upon District Agent Dyson of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., it has a local agent of its own, Chief of Police Manning. Since last April he has investigated sixty complaints, settling most cases by admonition. The Society recently ordered 2000 of the new "Be Kind to Animals" buttons for distribution among school children.



A COMPLETE RECONCILIATION

MIDWINTER

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

All ermine clad the earth in regal state
Is panoplied. The gaunt trees bear the weight
Of snow upon their branches wide outspread,
E'en as a patriarch his vestment wears,
O'erburdened with its care. The fields and hills
A wide expanse of jeweled splendor show.
A tang of frost pervades the air that calls
The red blood to the cheek, and to the eye
A light like that which glows upon the crest
Of some far hill at sunrise.

Up in air
Crows circle, beating wings of ebony hue.
The silence of the hills, the ice-locked streams,
Forbidden intrusion. Nature slumbers now
E'en as a tired mother spent with care
Seeketh forgetfulness at close of day.
From out his lair the howling North Wind hies,
And shakes and twists the gaunt and leafless trees,
And laughs at their distress as on he fares.
The patient cattle stabled warm and fed
From crib or bin, chew as they switch their tails
And dream of pastures green.

The winter sun
Pales in the sky, withdrawing warmth and light;
Making the fireside nook more full of cheer.
Midwinter seals the rivers, lakes and streams.
Ah, yes,—but it unlocks the port of dreams.

REWARDED HIS HORSES

A Haverhill, Massachusetts, correspondent calls attention to a pleasing incident in that city:

A pair of horses were making every effort to haul a heavy load of coal up from one of the alleys onto Merrimack street. The driver elicited attention from the very first, for instead of applying the whip, he urged them to their best by kind words and by standing at their side instead of berating them from the seat as so many drivers are apt to do. Finally the heavy load was pulled over the crossing, and before he resumed his seat to proceed down the street, he drew an apple from his pocket and divided it among the patient animals.

ABOUT STANCHIONS FOR COWS

Our Dumb Animals:

At a Farmers' Institute held in Burke, New York, F. E. Bonsteel of Ashville, Chautauqua County, speaking of stanchions for cows, called the stanchions that allow the animal no sidewise movement of the head "cruel" and "inhuman."

I hope none of the farmers who read this periodical are using this kind; but if so, they can change to the swinging stanchion very cheaply.

Burke, N. Y.

MARY M. COOK,



DRESSED IN HIS VERY BEST

"THE MONKEY AND I WON"

By EMMA YOUNGLOVE

One evening in a little city in one of our recently admitted States, then a territory, a street carnival was in progress. There were the usual gala decorations, the inevitable side-shows, and the leisurely throng of pleasure-seekers.

One of the sights was a little monkey chained up for boys and men to throw at with hard rubber balls at so much a throw. The monkey's part in the entertainment was to leap three feet into the air or jump from side to side to escape being struck. The little beast was plainly exhausted, his eyes had the look of any hunted creature brought to bay, while his muscles quivered ready to act at the slightest motion on the part of the laughing crowd.

A group of friends approached, among them a mother of girls with her daughters. This mother loved animals and to her the spectacle was pitiful. She said, "Animals are so dependent upon the mercy of humans, surely we ought to protect them when we can."

The next morning on horseback and by phone she interviewed ministers, teachers, doctors, superintendent, president of the normal school, and others. They all agreed with her that it was "most brutal," "unfair," "cruel," "demoralizing to the young," etc., but no one would act.

As a last resort she called up the district attorney and in two minutes his interest was enlisted. He promised that if he could twist the statutes of the territory to cover the case he would do so and assured her that he thought he could.

Did it pay?

The woman thought so, for that evening she was able to say with a twinkle in her eye, "The monkey and I won."



"FLEMISH GIANTS" WAITING FOR DINNER

Owned by Chas. Sallode, Williamsport, Pa.

THE NEST

I found a bird's nest in a tree;
Now what was that to you or me—
A last year's bird's nest in a tree?

And yet I marveled when I saw
The tiny nest of hair and straw,
Designed and built by nature's law.

A vacant home, and lovely still,
Though buffeted by winds at will;
A finished work of wondrous skill.

A thing of beauty to conceive,
With only beak to form and weave,
A dream of art, so soon to leave.

The little nest that pleased and thrilled
My soul with reverence had filled—
God taught the robin how to build.

S. MINERVA BOYCE.

A COW AND A CATHEDRAL

PROBABLY most people in America who own Durham cows associate the name "Durham" with the county of that name in England, where this breed of cows originated. There is an interesting fable connected with the bovine's ancient relatives across the water.

In the seventh century there lived on the Scottish border a monk named Cuthbert. Upon his death, in 687, surviving monks preserved his remains with pious care, guarding them in a local church. When dangers arose from the marauding Danes, the monks gathered their treasures and relics, including St. Cuthbert's sacred coffin, and wandered for seven years through the north of England, until St. Cuthbert miraculously revealed to them that his bones were to rest at Dunholme, later known as Durham. Though happy in this knowledge, they knew not where to find Dunholme, so journeyed on. Watching for clues as to their destination, a monk heard one woman ask another if her cow, which had gone astray, had been found. Much to his joy and relief the reply came: "Yes, in Dunholme." Dunholme means Hill Island, and on a rocky cliff eighty feet above the river Wear, the holy bones were deposited and there the imposing Durham Cathedral came into being.

Several hundred years passed before the noble and dignified structure was completed. But during all these years the story of the woman and her cow was told to those connected with the cathedral and the city which grew up around it.

The last portion, built in 1242, was the beautiful Chapel of the Nine Altars at the extreme east end of the Cathedral Church. Near the Nine Altars stand the forms, sculptured in stone, of the woman and her shorthorn Durham cow. They were placed there in 1775, nearly one thousand years after the woman found her cow.

The Band of Mercy



Founders of American Band of Mercy

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Office of Parent American Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

A. JUDSON LEACH } State Organizers

ELLA A. MARYOTT }

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our Dumb Animals for one year.
 2. Twenty leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and ninety-six new Bands were organized in December, of which 187 were in Massachusetts, eighty-four in schools of Rhode Island, fifty-four in schools of Connecticut, twenty-four in schools of Ohio, eighteen in schools of Maine, and ten in schools of South Carolina. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

Schools in Massachusetts

Belchertown: Center, 3; Liberty, 8.
Bondsboro: Franklin, 2.
Conway: Center, 4; Broomshire; Poland, 2; Boyden District, 2.
Gardner: School St., 8; Chestnut St., 3; West St., 8; Prospect St., 8; Connors, 8.
Northfield: Center, 3; East Northfield, 2.
Warwick: West, 2; Center, 2.
Worcester: Millbury St., 23; Winslow St., 10; Sever St., 5; Dix St., 16; Abbott St., 12; Chandler St., 10; Elizabeth St., 11; Downing St., 13; Thomas St., 11; Ward St., 12.
Charlestown, Massachusetts: Kingston.

Schools in Maine

Bath: Beacon St. S. S., 15.
Freeport: Grammar, 2; West Landing.

Schools in Rhode Island

Burrillville: Harrisville, 8.
East Greenwich: Frenchtown; Tibbetts; Shippeetown.
Johnston: Reservoir Ave.
North Providence: Greystone, 4; Fruit Hill, 2.
Pascoag: South Main St., 2; Sayles Ave., 11.
Portsmouth: Newton, 3.
Providence: Meeting St. Disciplinary, 2; Willard Ave., 5; Smith's Hill Special; Orms St.; Roger Williams Ave., 4.
Smithfield: Esmond Grammar, 3; Georgiaville, 4.
Westerly: Chestnut St., 2; High, 5; Elm St., 9; Quarry Hill, 3; Dunn's Cor., 2; Pleasant St., 9.

Schools in Connecticut

Hartford: Watkinson Farm.
Manchester: Buckland, 2.
New Britain: Open Air, 2; Burritt, 11.
South Manchester: Lincoln, 7.
South Windsor: Union District, 5.
West Hartford: Elmwood, 6; East, 8; Charter Oak, 4; Center, 8.
Middletown, New York: Hilda.
Millersburg, Pennsylvania: Millersburg.

Schools in Ohio

Columbiana: Public.
Cuyahoga Falls: Public, 10.
East Cleveland: Rozelle, 5.
East Palestine: South Side.
Euclid: Shore High, 2.
Willoughby: River St., 5.

Schools in South Carolina

Beaufort: Beaufort, 5; Martha Industrial, 2; High.
Laurens: Tumbling Shoal High.
Mayesville: Mayesville Industrial.
Sedalia, Missouri: Prospect St., 8.
Saint Louis, Missouri: Wyman School.
Ord, Nebraska: Ord.
Abbeville, Louisiana: High School, 5.
Livermore, California: May School.
Victorville, California: Angell.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 89,958.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

A KIND WORD

[It is seldom that *Our Dumb Animals* can give space to school compositions, but we feel sure our readers will appreciate this particularly touching anecdote, by Sadie C. Wicks, an eighth grade pupil in the Abbott Street school, Worcester, Massachusetts, who within a week after writing it was taken sick and died.]

ONE day a man was driving a cart along the road in the country. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn the way the man wished.

The man, being under the influence of liquor, cruelly beat the horse, which plunged and reared but would not go the way his driver wished. At that time I happened along and asked the driver if I could assist him.

"A lot of good you will do," he said. "This beast is a stubborn brute, but I will beat it out of him."

I then went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, and called him by his name. The horse then turned his head and fixed his large eyes on me, as though he fully comprehended I wished to be kind to him.

"Come now! come along!" said I, and the horse began to pull and tug with his broad chest and strong loins; turned the cart down the road, and trotted along briskly, as if the load was a plaything.

MERCIFUL TO HIS SQUIRREL

Children usually feel sympathy for the captive bird or animal. A Band of Mercy boy in Maine found a squirrel, which he intended to tame, but when his mother reminded him that it was cruel to deprive the little animal of its freedom, he walked again two miles and back to return it to its home. He was keeping his pledge "to protect all living creatures from cruel usage."

LEONARDO DA VINCI, "THE BIRD MAN"

AMONG the world's great treasures today are the beautiful paintings and drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, whose gifted hand wrought that priceless masterpiece, the "Mona Lisa," which was stolen from the Louvre a year or more ago, and only recently found and restored. But do you know that the painter of this face of surpassing beauty was a man full of tenderness for all animals and birds?

One of the things that Leonardo used to do as he walked the streets of Milan and passed the shops, was to buy the birds in cages and then open the tiny doors, allowing the frightened captives to go free. He would stand on the pavement, his face outshining the sun, a cage in one hand, while with the other he gave liberty to the prisoner. And as the birds sailed away through the soft Italian air, some of their joy was left behind in the brilliant eyes of the truly great man who had given them their freedom. As the years went by, almost daily was the great artist seen liberating birds, and by and by the common people, who sold their wares all along the sides of the busy streets, began to call him "The Bird Man." They did not know his real name, nor that his was the greatest name not only in Italy, but in all Europe. He was their "Bird Man," the man who helped the helpless; it mattered not whether the sufferer was a tiny bird or a man or woman, and they loved him with a mighty love.

It is told of the famous painter that, not long before his death, he was asked which of all the honors he had gained he valued the most. He replied that the best that life had given him was the name of "The Bird Man" by which he was known to the shopkeepers and the poor people of Milan.



LADY BETTY

II

I have the dearest little dog.-
No "cur" of low degree.-
That twines herself around our hearts,
So true and loving she.

IV

O, little one, what difference
Is 'twixt thy soul(?) and mine,
That what to mine is harmony
Is discord unto thine?



V

And though I tease and shake her hard,
Withal she is so sweet,
She forgives my dire transgressions,
And kisses fond my cheek.

By S. Adelaide Blood

III

She was christened "Lady Betty,"
Which pleases ma and me,
And because a name patrician,
It fits her to a T.

III

And when I play the mandolin
Her melancholy eyes
She turns to me most pleadingly
And moans and loudly cries

VII

O let us from this little life
A useful lesson find,
And treat our kith and kindred
Most lovingly and kind.

Entered at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

HUMANE LITERATURE

Published by the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., is for sale at 45 Milk Street, Boston, at these prices, postpaid:

About the Horse

Black Beauty (English), cloth, 20 cents	paper	9 cts.
Humane Horse Book, 32 pp., 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100		
The Horse—Treatment of Sores, Diseases, etc.	.60	" "
How to Treat a Horse	.30	" "
The Care of Mules	.30	" "
Care of Horses	.40	" "
The Horse's Prayer	.25	" "
The Horse's Prayer, large post-card	3.00	" "
The Horse's Prayer, card in two colors	1.00	" "
The Horse's Point of View, post-card	1.00	" "
Advice on Stable Management, card	1.00	" "
The Checkrein, 8 pages	1.00	" "

About the Dog

Beautiful Joe, illus., \$1.25; cloth, 62 cts.	small	30 cts.
Only a Dog, or Our Pet	cloth	35 cts.
Eulogy on the Dog, by Vest, post-card		\$1.00 per 100
The Dog—Its Care in Health and Disease	.60	" "
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 3 and 4	.30	" "

About the Bird

The Birds of God, Theron Brown, 318 pp., illus. cloth	\$1.00	
The Lady of the Robins, cloth, 20 cts.	paper	10 cts.
Save the Birds, post-card		\$.30 per 100
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 1 and 2	.30	" "
How the Birds Help the Farmer	.30	" "
The Air-gun and the Birds	.30	" "
An Appeal to Every Woman	.30	" "

About the Cat

The Cat—Its Care in Health and Disease	\$.60 per 100	
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 8	.30	" "
"Mollie Whitefoot's Vacation"	.30	" "
"The Beggar Cat," post-card, 5c. per doz.	.40	" "

About Other Animals

Prince Rudolf's Quest, Ida Kenniston, 150 pp. boards	58 cts.	
For Pity's Sake, cloth, 20 cts.	paper	10 cts.
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Humane Manual for Teachers	3.00	" "
Outlines of Study in Humane Education, 8 pp.	1.50	" "
Humane Education, What to Teach and How to Teach it	.30	" "

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Band of Mercy Register	8 cents each	
Songs of Happy Life (56 pages, words only)	\$3.00 per 100	
Band of Mercy Card of Membership	.30	" "
How to Form Bands of Mercy	1.00	" "

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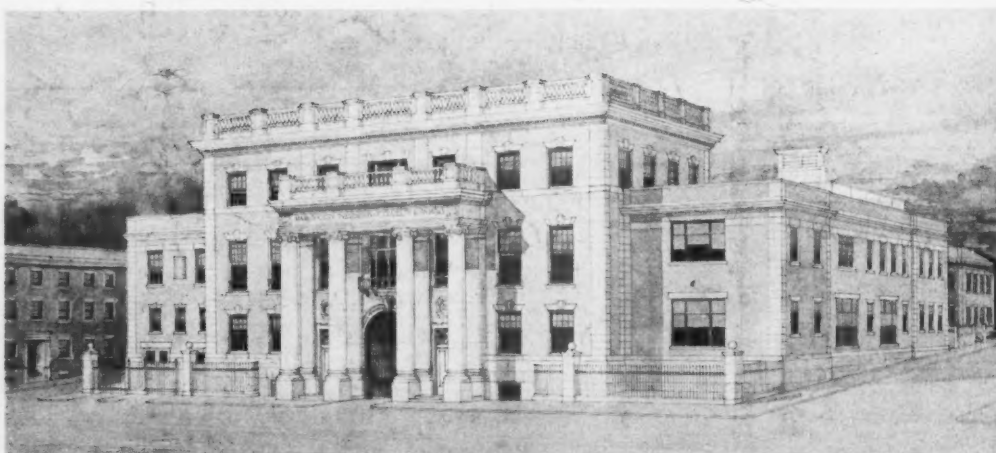
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